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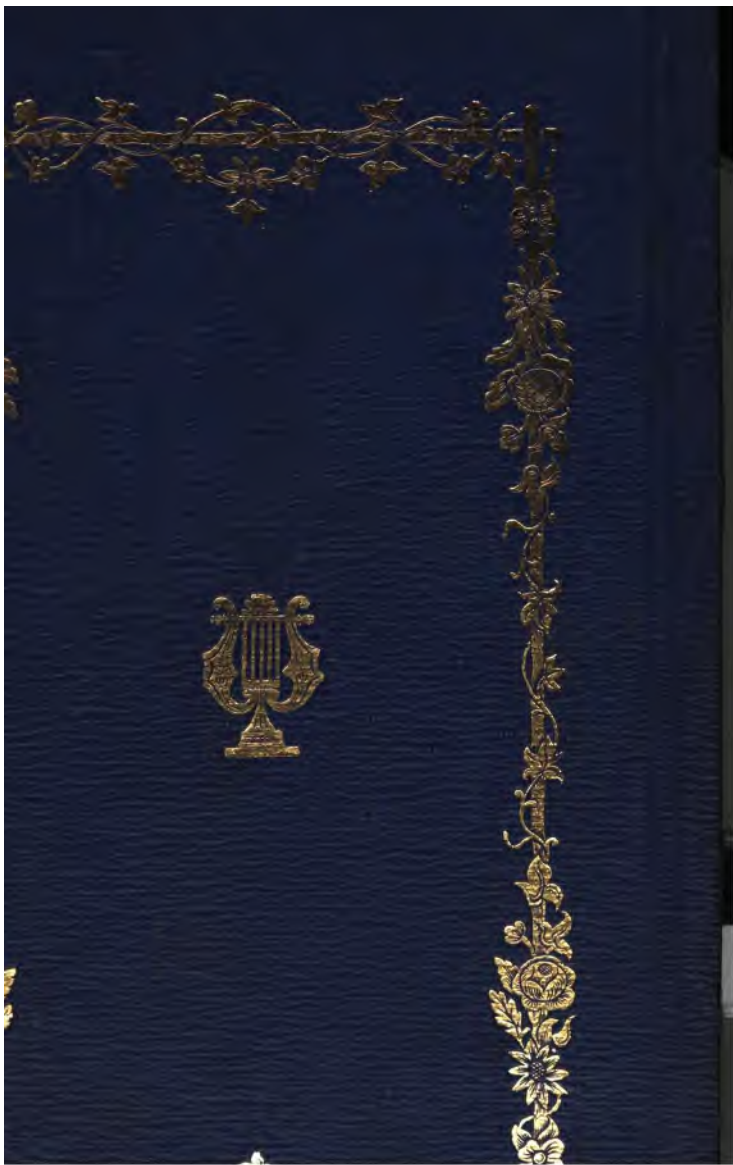
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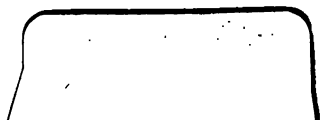


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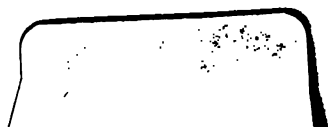


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P O E M S.

BY

MARY ADA KING.

~~~~~  
"CHERISH HOPE AND LOOK FORWARD TO MORE PROSPEROUS TIMES."

"WOULD IT WERE WORTHIER."—CHILDE HAROLD.  
~~~~~

LONDON:

HATCHARD AND SONS, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCL.

280. q. 115.



TO THE
QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

THE young and humble Authoress of these Poems trusts that Her MAJESTY will pardon the liberty her faithful Subject has taken, and prays that Her Most Gracious MAJESTY will condescend to allow this little Work to be laid before Her Excellent MAJESTY.

MARY ADA KING.





P R E F A C E.



IN subjecting the following Poems to the ordeal of public notice, the Editor feels it incumbent on him to state that they are the product of a very young lady—scarcely indeed seventeen years of age—enthusiastic, as may be presumed, and generous, as none will doubt, when it is affirmed that the publication of this little work is by no means sought for the mere gratification of personal vanity, but with the faint hope of advancing the interests of her family, who have just suffered an irreparable affliction in the death of their beloved father.

The Editor thinks he cannot conclude this brief no-





tice more fitly than by quoting a great French author,* who, to the ablest powers of criticism, subjoined the not inferior virtues of a real philanthropist:—"were none but the *most* gifted to write, there would be found few to *worthily* admire." The philosophy of this phrase lies much beneath its surface.

THE EDITOR.

* Montesquien.



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P O E M S.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IN Phrygia lived a worthy pair,
Though poor, they dwelt contented there,
And happy in each other's love,
For very little else they strove,
Nor murmur'd at their lowly state,
Nor envied those more rich and great.

Their little cottage in a wood,
Surrounded by a garden stood,
Wherein the self-same trees that give
The luscious fruits on which they live,
Yield shelter from the scorching sun,
And fuel when day's course is run.

Now Jupiter and Mercury
Travell'd that way in company,
Disguised as two poor serving men,
And onward trudged, not dreaming then
Of cottage near, when the fresh breeze
Disclosed it, snugly 'mongst the trees.

They enter'd, and the good old pair
Were quickly seen, with busy air,
Their hospitable board to spread
With milk, and honey, eggs, and bread;
Whilst on their visitors they wait,
And do the honours of their state.

They brought forth all their little store,
And, for the first time, wish'd it more,
A little cider Baucis brought,
For milk was not enough she thought,
And both were diligently kind,
Some means of pleasing them to find.

The hostess look'd amazed to see
That, though both ate, there seem'd to be

No diminution of the food,
Though both pronounced it "very good."
And thus their visitors they knew
For Gods divine, and mighty too.

Alarm'd, the couple quickly bent,
On worship rev'rently intent,
Imploring pardon for the way
In which they had behaved that day,
And hoped the mighty Gods would take
Compassion, for the motive's sake.

But Jove, with kindness, bade them rise,
And wiped the tear-drop from their eyes,
Then said, "Now quickly follow me,
For many wonders shalt thou see;"
Then led them up a mountain high,
Whose top appear'd to reach the sky.

When on its topmost peak they stood,
He bade them view their native wood,
Their little cot old Baucis sees
Just peeping through the waving trees,

Great Jove then said, "Observe, be still,
For soon shall be perform'd my will."

They gazed!—A mighty flood was seen
Where late the peopled land had been,
O'erwhelming all, by Jove's behest,
Who selfishly refused him rest.
But lo! **THEIR COTTAGE** rose in height,
A **TEMPLE** to the wond'ring sight!

Its marble walls and door of gold
Were rich and noble to behold,
Nor yet alone was this their store
Of fortune's gifts—for one wish more
Great Jove, at his express command,
The option gave them to demand.

And this their prayer—"Oh! grant us, Jove,
To rest united in our love,
Till death with ruthless hand shall come
To snatch us from this earthly home:
Together let us smile or sigh,
Together let us live and die."

Great Jove approved the good request,
Behold! as priestess and as priest
They seek that temple's golden dome,
Henceforth their true and happy home ;
Whilst high in Heaven's bright realms above
Their patron Gods their choice approve.

Long years pass'd over them, as they
In love and comfort spent each day,
Whilst thought sometimes, with busy train,
Would lead them through life's maze again,
Till age stole on with action slow,
And tinged their locks with winter's snow.

One morning, when the sun shone bright,
And all seemed happy 'neath its light,
From out that temple stray'd the pair
To taste the balmy summer air ;
On either side the gate they stood,
And gazed upon the clust'ring wood.

But soon they felt their feet take root,
Branches and twigs began to shoot,

TO BARK was changed their wrinkled skin,
TO SAP the blood which flowed within,
AS TREES each waved a last adieu,
And still in love together grew.

This fable shows that Heav'n repays
All gen'rous deeds and kindly ways,
The humble always find a friend,
And modesty will gain its end;
We KNOW that GOD is just and true,
And vice and virtue meet their due.

ERISICHTHON.



ERES, the goddess of the fields,
Is bountiful and good,
And through her care the till'd ground yields
Its harvest flowers and food.

As Erisichthon, blithe and gay,
One morning early drove,
Hoping to spend a happy day
In Ceres' fav'rite grove.

But seeing there a stately oak,
A tall and goodly tree,
He thus to his attendants spoke,
That they his power might see.

"Obey me, and yon oak cut down,
"No longer shall it live ;
"Were Ceres here I'd scorn her frown,
"Nor other order give."

His servants warn'd him to beware
How he that tree should fell,
They told him 'twas great Ceres' care,
And that she loved it well.

Enraged he cried, "Do all refuse ?
"I then will try my strength,
"Let me the heavy hatchet use,
"Yon stem shall lie its length."

He took an axe, and at the tree
Aim'd one despoiling blow,
But now appear'd immediately
The presage of his woe.

The leaves and acorns all turned pale—
From green to livid white,
At which his heart began to fail,
And tears bedew'd his sight.

From out the death-wound in its bark
Red blood was flowing fast,
The spirit of the oak said, "Hark!
"Proud man, thy die is cast!"

"To all a warning be thy fate,
"No mercy shall be shown,
"Ceres' regard for me was great;
"My end she will bemoan."

The grove's great monarch then expired,
And all the wood-nymphs wept,
In mind and body vex'd and tired,
Sad Erisichthon slept;

But soon awoke, and woke to pain,
In sorrow pass'd each day,
And ne'er was seen to smile again,
For joy had fled away.

How sad his doom!—With hunger, now
Incessantly to crave;
The quenchless torture seared his brow,
And urged him to the grave.

His appetite grew fierce and wild;
To gain sufficient food
He was compelled to sell his child,
So dutiful and good.

A nobler daughter could not be,
More loving or more kind,
She mourn'd her father's destiny,
And would no comfort find.

To haughty strangers sold a slave,
She toil'd the live-long day,
And gladly to her parent gave
Her small but hard-earn'd pay.

To Neptune, then, she urged this prayer,
"To change her shape at will."
This grant she deem'd, with filial care,
Might save her father still.

The God of ocean kindly said,
"I grant the boon you ask,
"And gladly lend my further aid,
"To serve such pious task."

This promise given—how light of heart
Is little Metra now;
A year of toil has left no smart
Upon her youthful brow.

In form, a fisherman, behold!
No wretched slave is she,
But all her price in solid gold
Is yet her parent's fee.

She sails across the briny main,
Once more her price is paid,
She seeks her wretched sire again,
Whose hunger is not stay'd.

And thus she sought each day and hour
His doom to turn aside,
But human virtue had no power—
That doom he must abide.

Once more from home she sped away
A golden price to gain,
And proved full many a bitter day
Across the stormy main.

And so *he* lived for many years,
An anxious daughter's care ;
And so *she* toil'd—no idle fears
Did ever Metra scare.

A hundred various forms she took
To gain the wished-for prize,
Yet never wore a happy look,
Or knew but tears and sighs.

Events she might not all control
Delay'd her coming back,
And kept her pure and spotless soul
A prey to torture's rack.

Return'd at length, she sought the spot
Where centred all her care.
Was Erisichthon in his cot?
Or had he perish'd there ?

Dreadful indeed the thought to bear,
She must remove suspense,
And seeks the object of her care
Within the leafy fence.

The garden pass'd—the entrance gain'd—
A sight now meets her view,
Which agonised—which sorely pain'd—
And horrified her, too.

Tortured by hunger most extreme,
With nought to satisfy
The craving that so long would seem
His dreadful destiny.

Her father's corse lay welt'ring there,
His wretched soul had fled
For ever from this world of care,
And slumber'd with the dead.

The purple flood pour'd from his veins,
Which in his rage he tore,
These were the last and sad remains
That grieving Metra saw.

The wrath of Ceres, great and strong,
Had found at length its end,
But Metra wept her father long,
And knew no other friend.

ORPHEUS.



NE night amidst the pomp and noise
Which Bacchus' orgies made,
(Those feasts whereof the frantic mirth
Made neighb'ring towns afraid),

There sate apart, all sad and lone,
In misery acute,
The minstrel Orpheus, who seem'd
Dejected—drooping—mute.

What heeded he the joys of wine?
Of laughter, or of mirth?
Eurydice, that peerless maid,
Was all he loved on earth.

For her—the beautiful, the good—
He own'd the fondest love,
Which she return'd with ardent flame,
Pure as the skies above.

But she was dead; and thus it happ'd—
 A story long to tell—
 Eurydice had other swains
 Than him she loved so well.

Aristæus, Apollo's son,
 Had sued to her in vain ;
 She scorn'd him, for her husband's sake,
 And held him in disdain.

But heav'n-born mortals, if they love,
 Can hate with force as great,
 So Aristæus proved in this,
 As Orpheus found too late.

One summer eve, he sought to stray
 Along the meadow's side,
 Full beauteous were the smiling fields,
 Full beauteous was his bride.

In admiration of the scene,
 On went the happy pair,
 All nature looking on the sight
 Of love so true and rare.

The music of his voice and lyre
The course of rivers stay'd,
The wood-nymphs danced in ecstasy,
The trees a rev'rence made.

Now envious Aristæus saw,
And fill'd with vengeful pride,
Betook him to a serpent's shape,*
And stung her till she died.

Her grave was water'd with the tears
Of those who knew her worth,
The ground was blighted where she fell,
And never more brought forth.

Sad Orpheus, in his bitter grief,
Bewail'd her early loss,
And dared—so potent was his love—
The gloomy Styx to cross.

* There is no record for this circumstance, as classical readers will not fail to remember; it must therefore be regarded simply as a poetical licence.

No weapon, save his lyre, he bore,
Whose tones were rich and sweet,
But hied him to the Stygian shore
The ferryman to meet.

Charon received him with delight—
That hapless minstrel boy—
And ferried him across the lake
With more than common joy.

Sad Orpheus enter'd Pluto's realm,
E'en there his music charm'd,
Grieved Tantalus forgot his thirst,
The Furies were disarm'd.

The stone of Sisyphus stood still,
Ixion's wheel was stopp'd ;
Each tortured spirit smiled in joy,
And Pluto's key was dropp'd.

His music such sweet influence wrought,
When this request he pray'd,
That his beloved on earth again
Might, living, be convey'd.

“ On one condition,” Pluto spoke,
“ Your wife you shall retain,
“ ’Tis this—that neither shall look back
“ Till on earth’s open plain.”

With eager haste, and thankful speed,
They left death’s dark abode,
Both Orpheus and Eurydice,
To take their homeward road.

The passage from sad Pluto’s realm
Was shadowy, dark, and drear,
With nothing in its silent course
Their throbbing hearts to cheer.

Forgetful of his promise given,
Young Orpheus, good and kind,
To his loved partner turn’d, to see
If she were safe behind.

One moment on her face he gaz’d,
With tender, loving eye,
The next she vanish’d from his sight,
A second death to die.

Dismay'd, and horror-stricken then,
Too late for hope's relief,
He laid him down to find in death
A cure for all his grief.

At last the Mœnades, who saw
That minstrel, sorrow's child,
Rush'd on with murderous intent
And exclamations wild.

With cruel stones they sought to crush,
But striking on his lyre,
The dulcet sounds brought forth, at once
Disarm'd their fury's fire.

Abash'd, amazed, they sought again,
Once more his life to take ;
But yet again the dulcet strains
Prevail'd—for love's sweet sake.

'Till vex'd with life's continued woes,
He flung his lyre aside,
And then, o'ercome by cruel blows,
The beauteous minstrel—died.



'Twas thus he breathed his soul away,
A prey to fury's race,
And even yet, as poets say,
His spirit haunts the place.

His murd'ers, changed to fun'ral trees,
Were left to die and rot,
A warning for all gen'rous souls
To shun th' accursed spot.



M I D A S.



ACCHUS, disgusted with his home,
When lonely Orpheus died,
Determined other lands to roam,
And cross the boist'rous tide ;

With pomp his journey he began,
As Gods of honour do,
The merry Satyrs round him ran,
The Bassarides too ;

But one was absent from the throng
Who else had been its pride,
Silenus was not found among,
To sit at Bacchus' side.

A pris'ner, he on Phrygia's shore
His luckless fate bemoan'd,
Till brought that mighty king before,
Who Phrygia's country own'd.

Great Midas ! who, with all his heart,
To Bacchus homage paid,
In defence took Silenus' part,
And gave him all his aid.

He welcomed him with every sign
Of kindness and delight,
In honour of the God of wine,
Held revels every night ;

Gave Bacchanalian feasts by day,
And great devotion proved,
Then sent him back without delay
To greet the God he loved.

Bacchus well thank'd the Phrygian king,
And, anxious to reward,
Promised to grant him anything
His power might afford.

The foolish prince, in high delight,
Thought gold more precious far
Than wisdom, wit, or knowledge great,
Or e'en success in war ;

He craved the power (which to hold
Was dangerous, as grand)
That all might turn to solid gold
On which he laid his hand.

Great Bacchus, as his promise vouch'd,
Bestow'd the wish'd-for power,
And everything that Midas touch'd
Was GOLDEN from that hour.

First on an oak he tried his skill,
And with a touch, 'twas done.
The tree became of gold at will,
And glitter'd in the sun.

E'en pebble stones and ears of corn
Were changed to shining ore,
His palace likewise to adorn
He changed to gold its door.

The very garments which encased
His more than regal frame,
Had all their suppleness effaced,
And golden thread became.

With nigh a consciousness of ill
He sate him down to rest,
Then bade his slaves a goblet fill
Of wine, the richest, best.

Alas! for pride's directorship,
How sadly does it hold!
The wine had scarcely reach'd his lip
Ere all was changed to gold.

The bread he vainly sought to eat,
The napkin by his side
In turn became, as poets state,
Reprovers of his pride.

To starve!—King Midas quickly knew
Would be his dreadful fate,
Unless the God at once withdrew
His gift, before too late.

"Forgive," he cried, "my vanity,
"Mere gold is little worth,
"Contentment and humility
"Should guide our steps on earth.

"Great Bacchus, take, O take away
"The boon so lately giv'n,
"And I will worship day by day,
"In hope to be forgiv'n."

The God, relenting, bade him go,
And bathe him in a stream,
Whose mystic waters limpid flow
Nigh Lydia's far extreme.

To Pactolus then journey'd he,
By hunger sorely press'd,
And gladly wash'd the gift away,
For which so late he press'd.

'Tis said—and who the tale shall doubt?
That in that self-same place
Where Midas wash'd his folly out
The sands retain a trace.



And GOLDEN yet, for evermore,
Attest the Phrygian's pride,
Who chose so base a boon before
All human good beside.



APOLLO AND PAN.

~~~~~

 IDAS no longer wish'd for wealth,  
But roam'd the fields in joyous health,  
And now was free'r—loftier far,  
Than kings in grandeur oftimes are.

He traversed o'er each verdant plain,  
Where beauty and contentment reign,  
His days though pass'd in solitude,  
No sombre feelings e'er obtrude.

One morning, ere the sun grew high,  
Whilst roving, he might scarce know why,  
On Tmolus top, amidst its caves,  
Whence flow Pactolus' rippling waves,

He form'd acquaintanceship with Pan,  
That God whose form, half goat, half man,  
Th' Olympian host all jibed and jeer'd  
When first amongst them he appear'd.

With him 'twas Midas loved to sit,  
And deem'd his conversations wit,  
But most of all he loved, they say,  
To hear him on the Syrinx play.

Weak Midas thought his strains divine,  
And cried, "No music like to thine.  
"Apollo's self could ne'er contend  
"With thee, Oh, Pan! my gifted friend."

Well pleased with this, Pan grew so proud,  
His strains became more high and loud,  
He sang of war and mighty deeds  
Upon his flute of seven reeds ;

He sang of love—then ceased his strain,  
For Echo flung it back again,  
And only Midas praised the lay  
That nymph so meetly flung away.

APOLLO now, with touch of fire,  
Swept o'er his soul-subduing lyre,  
And gave forth tones so sweet and rare,  
As charm'd the Spirits of the air.

The Spirit of the mountain, too,  
Proclaim'd it, as was justly due,  
More worthy of the praiseful meed,  
Than his that blew the hollow reed.

But Midas vow'd, when thus he heard  
The mountain umpire's sacred word,  
That PAN's was music most divine,  
APOLLO's was not half so fine.

Then Phœbus, in his injured pride,  
Determined Midas to deride,  
And gave to him, with many jeers,  
A pair of hideous ass's ears.

Midas ashamed, now skulk'd away,  
Too grieved and mortified to stay,  
And long did mournfully lament,  
His just but heavy punishment.

In solitude, forthwith he sought  
Calm for the ill that day had wrought,  
And far away from all mankind  
Conceal'd the torture of his mind.

But soon his courtiers make request  
That, for his subjects' sake at least,  
He'd take of public games a part,  
However sad might be his heart.

A purple turban, trimm'd with lace,  
He wears to hide his sad disgrace;  
And yet the secret, little known,  
Must to his barber still be shown.

This barber, then, he bribes to swear  
The secret never to declare,  
Or pass his lips, to mortal man,  
On penalty of curse and ban.

But now, as onward Time proceeded,  
Less and less the Monarch heeded,  
Less and less he felt his shame,  
And even light of heart became.

'Till one sad day 'twas noised about,  
The fatal truth came oozing out  
From where a bed of rushes grew,  
And much astonish'd all who knew.

That earth should whisper such a tale,  
Or words bestride the wingèd gale,  
Became a wonderment—for none  
The cause yet knew—save only one.

And now 'tis fitting we explain,  
How 'twas the BARBER caused this pain,  
Yet still contrived his vow to keep,  
And lull his conscience fast asleep.

A secret is an on'rous thing,  
And trouble sore will often bring,—  
At least the barber felt it such,  
And thought his troubles over much.

For some short time stern honour kept  
Him faithful, and the secret slept ;  
He knew 'twere shameful to disclose  
And bring to light his Sov'reign's woes.

And so he bore with silent grief,  
But sighs and tears brought no relief,  
Till weighing on his heart so sad,  
The secret well nigh drove him mad.

At length bethinking of a plan,  
He deem'd that earth, instead of man  
Might listen to his tale, and so  
Relieve his heart, nor break his vow.

Not thinking that equivocation  
To lying bears a close relation,  
He seeks forthwith a spot to find,  
Wherein to ease his troubled mind.

Beyond the reach of mortal ken,  
Far distant from the haunts of men,  
He digs, in haste, a shallow hole,  
And pours the secret of his soul.

This done, he fills it up again,  
Nor lets a mark or trace remain,  
Then homeward bends his happy way,  
A lighten'd mortal from that day.

What mischief from this deed befel  
We know, if poets truly tell,  
For when the harvest time came round,  
A thousand tongues that secret found.

A bed of rushes mark'd the spot,  
And soon betray'd the buried plot,  
By yielding to the tell-tale wind,  
Who nothing keeps, whate'er he find.

Thus whisper'd words full oft betray.  
And find an unexpected way,  
Whilst careless folly breeds in time  
The penalty of deeper crime.

## BACCHUS.



ITH ivy crown'd, and wreath of grape,  
Behold the youthful king,  
Great Jove and fair Semele's son,  
Type of eternal spring.

At Naxos was the cherub born,  
Where, as he slept one day,  
Some pirates stole upon his rest,  
And bore him thence away.

They mark'd his blooming loveliness  
Reposing in the shade,  
And took him, ere his slumber pass'd,  
To where their boat was laid.

Thence to the sea their prize they bore,  
Unconscious of his fate,  
And, thief-like, quarrell'd, raved, and swore,  
All save the vessel's mate ;

Who far more honest than the rest  
Of that base-minded crew,  
Had stay'd their ill-timed noisiness—  
But what might one man do ?

At length the slumb'ring boy awoke  
With anger on his brow,  
And calmly bade them slacken sail,  
And turn the vessel's prow.

“ Back! whence you came,” he mildly spoke,  
But one alone was heard  
(The mate, who fain before had turn'd)  
To speak the given word.

All else refused : Great Bacchus rose  
In majesty divine,  
And caused the wreathy ivy leaves  
Around their oars to twine.

The masts, the cordage, and the sails  
Became as trees which grow,  
And fix'd upon the billowy main,  
Clung to the rocks below.

Th' effect all see—the vessel stops,  
Firm as the earth she stands,  
Nor moves one inch, obeying well  
The boyish God's commands.

Whilst at his summons quick appear  
The Lynx and Panther too,  
With Tigers, emblems of his might,  
And anger justly due.

Th' impious sailors view too late  
The young God's mighty power,  
Transform'd to dolphins from that day,  
All punished from that hour.

Yet Bacchus spared the kindly mate,  
And gave him wealth beside,  
For which his vot'ry thank'd him well,  
And worshipp'd—till he died.

## BACCHUS, PLUTUS, AND CUPID.

ACCHUS, Plutus, and Cupid met,  
For a contest fierce and strong;  
They each declared that Happiness  
Prevail'd amid his throng.

At last it rose to such a height,  
Not one of them would yield;  
So all agreed they would decide  
Their quarrel in the field.

First Bacchus came, so merry he,  
With red good-natured face;  
And Plutus, with his bags of gold,  
In quick and hurried pace.



The urchin, Cupid, laughing came,  
With arrows in his hand ;  
His mother, Venus, watch'd with joy  
The movements of the band.

Now Cupid's poison'd weapons fly,  
His rivals quickly yield ;  
Behold the mischievous young elf  
Stands master of the field.

And ever since has worn with pride  
The honours gain'd that day ;  
And always claims dear Happiness,  
And ever has his way.

But still he needs the aid of foes  
To hold supremacy :  
Bacchus and Plutus useful are,  
As all may plainly see.

So whilst he has both wealth and ease  
Is courted and carest,  
'Twere wisest for the little rogue  
To let the vanquish'd rest.



## THE HISTORY OF CORONIS.

 H! list to me, Coronis says,  
List, ere I end my wretched days,  
And so avoid my foolish ways,  
I ask of all.

Fortune and pleasure once I knew,  
And had of lovers not a few;  
They told me I was handsome too,  
And praised me much.

One evening, wand'ring on the shore,  
Great Neptune, who was there before,  
Upraised me, and defenceless bore  
Across the sea.

But kind Minerva lent her aid,  
Soon changed me to a crow, and bade  
Me fly away—for I had pray'd  
For help to her.

My wings I spread, and felt so glad  
To think on the escape I had,  
While Neptune, all amazed and sad,  
Gazed as I flew.

But soon I sigh'd, for mem'ry brought  
Of what I was, a sadd'ning thought,  
Changed to a crow ! a bird of nought,  
A princess once.

Just then Minerva spoke to me,  
"Coronis, wouldst thou henceforth be  
"Companion, fav'rite, friend—all three ?"  
I answer'd "Yes."

And so her darling bird was I,  
On every errand would I fly,  
And envied not the days gone by,  
For I was loved.

But happiness was not to last,  
My chattering tongue the die had cast,  
Mischievous words from it had pass'd,  
To my dear friend.

She banish'd me, and now 'I roam  
Without a hope, without a home,  
And misery at last has come  
To punish me.

Tale-bearers are a hateful set,  
And quarrels oftentimes beget,  
They say what one may ne'er forget,  
And sever friends.

Be mine a warning fate to all  
Let none forget my solemn call,  
And so—good bye—let great and small  
Remember me.

## V E N U S.

OW, Venus, the beautiful mother of Love,  
The Goddess of Pleasure, on earth and above,  
The Queen of Elysium, the bright and the free,  
The mistress of laughter, of mirth, and of glee,  
Arose from the ocean, and in a bright shell  
To Cypress was wafted, as Zephyrs will tell,  
Whilst others believed to gay Cythera's shore  
The proud little waves their sweet deity bore.  
When landed, the Seasons the Goddess then greet,  
And beautiful flowers bloom'd under her feet,  
Thence rosy-tipp'd Horæ conducted her then  
To the Gods—far away from the regions of men,  
Where her beauty so ravish'd, that Envy alone  
Grew pale as she smiled from her chrysolite throne;

Her face was so radiant, her step was so light,  
So lovely her figure, so stately her height,  
Her shoulders so polish'd, so soft, and so fair,  
And swept by long tresses of rich golden hair,  
That e'en Juno grew jealous, outrivall'd to be,  
By the Goddess who sprang from the froth of the sea.

## CUPID.



UPID, a young and lovely boy,  
With wings to speed his flight,  
His bow and arrow in his hand,  
With which he loves to fight.

The folded bandage o'er his eyes  
Conceals a roguish look,  
From which 'twould seem to mortal ken,  
No certain aim he took.

While yet he was a tiny child,  
Mischief was his delight,  
In playful gambols he engaged,  
And early learned to fight.

He had a fav'rite well-tuned lyre,  
And loved its sounds to hear,  
Majestic Lions were his friends,  
He rode them without fear.

Their savage hearts by music tamed  
Forgot rude nature's sway,  
Humble and docile they became,  
Nor longer beasts of prey.

Till youth's estate, the merry God  
No pity felt at all,  
But arrows shot at each alike,  
Nor cared where they might fall.

Yet soon *his* turn for suff'ring came,  
Fair Psyche wing'd the dart,  
Which wounded through his bandaged eyes  
And struck him to the heart.

He sought to wed—he found her kind,  
She listen'd to his love,  
Consented to become his bride,  
And bade him constant prove.

A daughter fair soon crown'd their joy,  
And added to their bliss,  
'Twas call'd "Volupia" by the Gods,  
And christen'd with a kiss.

## VOLUPIA.



OLUPIA loved with all her heart  
The dance and merry song,  
And left all virtuous ways and thoughts,  
To lead gay Pleasure's throng.

Of mighty orgies she partook  
With Bacchus—God of wine—  
Who taught the people many arts,  
And how to plant the vine.

But though so fair, and though so kind,  
With syren voice and eye,  
To look on her nigh drove men blind,  
To love her was—to die.

## AURORA AND TITHONUS.

~~~~~

NOTHER tale I fain would tell,
Pray ponder on its moral well,
It shows that man can nothing gain
By being covetous and vain.
Of selfish wishes thus beware,
Which often bring both pain and care.

AURORA her affection gave
To one who was her willing slave ;
Tithonus he, who—goodly youth,
Return'd her love with equal truth ;
But, as he was a mortal man,
Atropos must cut short his span.
With her he loved it was not so,
She never to the grave might go ;

For being link'd with Gods on high,
Became of Heav'n, and could not die ;
This grieved him, for he wish'd to be
With her through all eternity ;
So he besought her to bestow
An endless life on him below,
Which she (who in her loving heart
Fear'd the sad time when they must part)
Consenting gave, whilst thus she said,
"Thou shalt not number with the dead."

Year after year roll'd quickly by,
Without a tear, without a sigh,
No change came o'er their happy fate,
Save that each learn'd to estimate
The other's love—as some sweet thing
Which grew as Chronos plumed his wing ;
In bliss unmix'd they pass'd their hours,
As though life's path were strew'd with flowers,
Unconscious that a storm was nigh,
With chilling winds and cloudy sky.

Time still fled on—alas ! too fast—
Tithonus *felt* his doom at last ;

Age and disease attacked his frame,
A piteous object he became,
Yet, though he longed for some relief
From pangs surpassing all belief,
None could he find ; fresh pains and ill
Came rushing on, his cup to fill
Of misery and woe—so great,
We scarce may picture such a state ;
He listens— but is far too weak
To understand what others speak,
Then talks himself, but list'ners find
All vacant is Tithonus' mind ;
Life's imbecility is come,
And yet the world is still his home,
He may not die, but lives to find
The wreck of body and of mind.
Aurora watched beside his bed,
And smoothed the pillow 'neath his head,
And tended with a love so great,
As none but lovers estimate ;
At times he knew her not, and then
His consciousness returned again.
At length one interval of calm
And sense returned, with soothing balm :—

“Aurora,” breathed he, “let me die !
“There was a time when you and I
“Were happy, but that time is past,
“Such wondrous joy must end at last;
“Old age I never counted on
“Whilst asking life’s eternal boon,
“My fault I see, though all too late,
“Take pity on my abject state,
“A wither’d wretch behold me lie,
“Forgive me that, I wish to die.”

He ceased, and writhing in his pain,
Relapsed to speechlessness again,
Whilst she, beholding all his grief,
Bethought of what might give relief.
“Tithonus—listen, love, to me,
“Thou mayst not die—that cannot be—
“But that thy life may know a change,
“Become a grasshopper, and range
“Henceforth the smiling meadows through,
“And bathe thy form in morning dew;
“’Twill make thee young as such things are,
“And fair—if such be ever fair—

"Now take thy shape." She said no more,
For blythely hopping on the floor,
A pretty insect, brisk and gay,
Was seen to take its happy way,
And quickly to the meadows sprung,
With active jump and chirping tongue.

Aurora mourned Tithonus long,
But often listens to his song,
And sprinkles on his bed of flowers
(When leading on the rosy hours)
The dewy drink he used to sip,
Whilst human, from her balmy lip.

PROSERPINE.



REAT Ceres, Goddess of the fields,
Did her loved daughter deem,
Fair Proserpine, too noble far,
To be dread Pluto's queen.

How came it that a maid so fair,
So beautiful, should wed
Th' infernal regions' wicked king,
Of all that's bad the head?

It chanced that Proserpine one day,
In Sicily's warm clime,
Was plucking flowers so blithe and gay,
To while away her time.

'Twas in fair Enna's sunny plains
She thus her hours employ'd,
Wreathing bright garlands with her friends,
A pastime much enjoy'd.

The garlands finish'd, each declared
Her own the very best,
And made such playful quarrelling,
As added to the jest.

But, truth to tell, the din they made
Was such, amidst the trees,
That Pluto, trav'ling by that way,
Observed them at his ease.

On Proserpine so long he gazed,
That Cupid sought to prove
The power of a new-made bow,
And wounded him to love.

The passion raised, down from his car
With eagerness he leap'd,
Snatch'd up the maid, and through the air
With eager coursers stepp'd.

Thus pranced they over hill and dale,
Entreaties were in vain,
For soon they reach'd his dreaded home,
Where she was doom'd to reign.

In mournful majesty of grief,
No other joy to know,
Her only luxury, the tears
She sheds o'er those below.

Her never-ending task to note
The groans of them that die,
And register the crimeful end
Of human misery.

A BOY CHANGED INTO A LIZARD.



SHEES, distracted at her loss,
Her only daughter gone,
Now lights a torch to seek by night
The dear but absent one.

To Etna's mountain first she goes
Her darling child to seek,
But disappointed, onward hies,
Ere morning's early streak.

She wander'd on, till, tired and worn,
A little hut she spied,
Its windows show'd a cheerful light,
And table well supplied.

With gentlest touch wide ope'd the door,
Whence stepp'd a gen'rous dame,
Who spoke a welcome from her heart,
In Charity's sweet name.

Who bade her share the frugal meal,
And tarry there awhile,
For she had journey'd far and long,
And needed rest from toil.

Good Baubo ('twas the hostess' name)
The meal had just prepared,
Bread, milk, and porridge, was her all,
For humbly still she fared.

Unhappy Ceres, worn and faint,
Enjoyed the plain repast,
But Baubo's little graceless boy
Told her she ate too fast.

Poor child, he was but very young,
And very hungry too,
So fancied, harmlessly enough,
She took what was his due.

But Ceres no allowance made
For childishness so great,
And thought it rude to criticise
That which she drank or ate.

So heedless of the bitter pain
Her anger might effect,
Or haply stung with her own wrongs,
Too deeply to reflect.

She bade the evil-manner'd boy
His human shape give o'er,
And take a lizard's creeping form,
Then cast him on the floor.

Alas! poor Baubo, aged dame,
She loved the thoughtless child,
And frantic with the hideous change,
With grief was almost wild.

She stoop'd the lizard to caress,
As though 'twere still her boy,
Begg'd Ceres leave her humble cot,
Now 'reft of all its joy.

Thus Ceres in her angry mood
 Brought misery and grief,
 Where else celestial gratitude
 Had better found relief.

She came a Goddess to that cot
 Ere passion held its sway,
 She left it with a mortal blot
 No tears could wipe away.

Thus anger oft degrades the high,
 Who, but for such a stain,
 Had lived "as Gods" above the sky,
 To rule o'er humble men.

ODE TO THE QUEEN

~~~~~

ow happy is this favour'd land,  
'Neath thy beneficent command,  
Where peace and plenty—joyous twain—  
With thee and faith conjointly reign,  
Long mayst thou live,  
Such bliss to give,  
And Heav'n's best blessings to receive.

Long, too, may joys domestic pour  
On thee the treasures of their store ;  
The noble Prince thou lov'st so well,  
May he in health and honour dwell,  
To glad thy heart,  
And bliss impart,  
Nor ever prove misfortune's smart.

Thy children, England's life and prid,  
May they thy will ne'er turn aside,  
But, mirror-like, reflect from thee,  
Abundant grace and majesty ;  
    Through after years,  
    To sow no fears,  
But reap life's smiles without its tears.

All hail to thee, Britannia's queen,  
Whilst crumbling thrones around one seen,  
Thy place of rule may ne'er depart,  
For 'tis within thy people's heart,  
    Whence, shrined in love,  
    'Twill ne'er remove,  
Till call'd away by Heav'n above.

## PATRICK AND MINNY.



N her lone father's cheerful cot,  
Dwelt Minny, ever gay,  
To love and please the aged man,  
And be his only stay.

Her parent's ever loving smile  
Rewarded all her care,  
And time which roll'd unheeded by,  
Still found her happy there.

In that loved home, amidst her flowers,  
Sweet Minny loved to dwell,  
And for her father's daily bread,  
Her garden's produce sell.

Many a suitor had the maid,  
Who sought her earnestly,  
And one there was who gain'd her smile,  
She loved him truthfully.

But when his passions he would urge,  
And seek her will to bend,  
She, sighing, answered, "Patrick, dear,  
"My father I must tend.

"I cannot leave that aged form,  
"Who watched so well o'er me,  
"But fain would soothe his latest years,  
"How few soe'er they be.

"My duty bids me stop awhile,  
"We both are young as yet,  
"My flowers and fruit I still must sell,  
"And you will scarce forget."

Years travell'd on, the old man lived  
A life of peaceful rest,  
Young Patrick to subdue love's power  
For ever did his best.

To aid in this, he left his home,  
And sought the battle's roar,  
A soldier in his country's cause,  
He left fair England's shore.

Good Minny's tears unheeded fell,  
But though her heart was sad,  
She loved the cause of all her woe,  
And made her father glad.

He little knew the sighs she breathed  
At midnight's solemn hour,  
He little guess'd the canker worm,  
That nipp'd life's opening flower.

But smiled his happy days away,  
Supported by his child,  
Who every daily want supplied,  
And every hour beguiled,

Years travell'd on—the old man died,  
*She* wept him in the grave,  
But held her little cottage on,  
Too sad in heart to leave.

One day, when from a neighbouring town  
She sought her humble home,  
Three ladies waited in her cot,  
Who could no further roam.

*Two* were of young and comely mien,  
But *one* seem'd old and sad,  
Bent low beneath the weight of years,  
In sable vestments clad.

She press'd them, with a gentle smile,  
To taste the frugal fare,  
Which on a snow-white cloth she spread  
With hospitable care.

Awhile they ate, and much they praised  
The beauties of the place,  
Then rising, thank'd the gentle girl,  
With well-bred ease and grace.

Refresh'd and rested, they proposed  
The garden then to see ;  
Their hostess led them to its bound,  
As proudly as may be.

Her arm was ready to assist  
The tottering, aged dame,  
Who, chatting with a careless air,  
At length breathed Patrick's name.

Minnie was startled and surprised  
Of him she loved to hear,  
But listen'd with a blighted smile,  
And many a rising tear.

Her guest seemed overcome as well,  
Whilst speaking on that theme,  
She said, "I know young Patrick well,  
"And hold him in esteem.

"Ten long years past this land he left  
"A soldier to become,  
"'Twas whisper'd that unhappy love  
"Had forced him from his home.

"To England he has now return'd,  
"With laurels on his brow,  
"But love for her he left behind  
"Proclaims him joyless now.

"His solitary days are passed  
"In apathetic grief,  
"At night he thinks of days gone by,  
"But thought brings no relief."

Poor Minny heard this piteous tale  
With many sighs and tears,  
She knew herself to be the cause  
Of all his sadden'd years.

'Twas torture to remember this,  
'Twas misery to know,  
But what avail'd the weeping eye—  
The sadden'd heart and brow?

She spoke but of her duty done,  
As that 'twas sweet to do,  
But wept for Patrick in her heart,  
Nor could her love subdue.

She told of her own blighted hopes,  
Of the long years of pain,  
But thought recalled her father's smile—  
She could not weep again.

The ladies on each other gazed,  
With sorrow and surprise,  
For lo! the aged dame grew young,  
'Twas Patrick in disguise !

Anon he smiled, anon he wept,  
But passion wrought so strong,  
Unnerved by love's own truthfulness,  
He fell his length along.

Poor Minny, rent 'twixt life and fear,  
Essay'd to bathe his brow,  
But Patrick's spirit, true in death,  
Had vanished even now.

Nor long behind her chosen love  
Did Minny seek to stay,  
But ponder'd on his hapless fate,  
And wept her soul away.

## TO MY MOTHER.



 DREAMT that, gazing on a plain,  
I saw some people there ;  
They all were walking to one point,  
Without much thought or care.

I could but note one little girl  
Who seemed a wayward child,  
She played and sauntered on her way,  
Was merry, careless, wild.

Now on the plain a bush she saw,  
And round it sought to play ;  
But poison berries on it hung,  
Although they look'd so gay.

The crowd pass'd by, and did not touch  
This fruit of crimson hue ;  
But when *she* marked its tempting look  
She pluck'd a bunch or two.

A guide in angel form appear'd,  
Ere she that fruit could taste ;  
Withdrew the berries, and explain'd,  
How great the danger past.

Still further on some nettles grew,  
All shunn'd them as they went ;  
Until the merry child drew nigh,  
On plucking them intent.

Once more that angel form drew near,  
To shield her from the pain ;  
Described how cruelly they stung,  
Then quitted her again.

She laughed and frolick'd as before,  
But soon a storm began ;  
The vivid lightning flashed around,  
Whilst 'neath a tree she ran.

Quickly her monitor appeared,  
And show'd 'twas dangerous there ;  
Then named a shelter more secure,  
And bade her so repair.

The storm had spent its fury now ;  
The spirit too had fled ;  
I watched the gambols of that child,  
As on her path she sped.

Forward she tripp'd, until a stream  
Of water clear and bright  
Flow'd swiftly on its channel'd way,  
And stopp'd all further flight.

Beside this stream the concourse stood,  
My fancy had portray'd ;  
All waiting to be ferried o'er,  
Not so my little maid.

*She* hurried past the lingering crowd,  
Who tarried there perforce,  
And, knowing not the water's power,  
Essay'd to walk across.

Dear child! she soon began to sink,  
I started in my dream,  
For no one heard her feeble cries,  
And quickly flowed the stream.

Again that guardian spirit came  
And rescued her once more,  
Again the little child was saved,  
And all my fears were o'er.

My dream to wakeful consciousness  
Approaching now more near,  
Methought *I* was that wayward child,  
The guide, MY MOTHER dear!

Mother! that angel form was thine  
That watched my path through life,  
From infancy to riper years,  
Through happiness and strife.

## THE STORM.



HE rain fell in torrents,  
And bleak winds in currents  
Swept over the desolate plain,  
As a mother and child,  
By fortune exiled,  
Sought refuge and shelter in vain.

She could not proceed,  
For it made her heart bleed  
As she paused on her wearisome way,  
But the pitiless storm,  
Whilst it shrouded her form,  
Increased with her bosom's dismay.

The thunder yet roar'd,  
While the heavy rain pour'd,  
And threatened each life to destroy,

But the fond mother prayed,  
All alone and afraid,  
That Heav'n would preserve her dear boy.

The little babe clung  
To his mother, and hung  
With terrified cries on her breast ;  
Her fears for her child  
Grew frantic and wild,  
She felt he would soon be at rest.

The clouds' dusky hue  
Quickly changed to bright blue,  
But the lone widow could not rejoice,  
For the child she had loved  
From this world was removed,  
And hush'd was its innocent voice.

The sun's golden light  
Shines sadly, yet bright,  
On the corse of her motionless boy,  
Whose spirit now still  
From trouble and ill  
Is fled to the regions of joy.

## A PRAYER.



 H! God, my father, hear thy child,  
And listen to my prayer,  
Forsake me not, but keep me still  
Beneath Thy gracious care.

Let all my life, Almighty God,  
Be pass'd in holy fear,  
Nor let me love this world too well,  
So cold and insincere.

No! make mine heart to be Thine own,  
My thoughts to Thee be raised,  
Thy Gospel spread through all the land,  
And Thy great name be praised.

Guide my dear parents ; may they meet  
In Heaven with the bless'd,  
And lead them through this vale of tears  
To Thine abiding rest.

And oh ! my Father ! guide *me*, too,  
And make Thy handmaid, Lord !  
To walk the path that pleaseth Thee,  
Obeying all Thy word.

If that Thou grant me earthly joys  
Oh teach my lips to tell,  
The greater bliss of loving Heaven,  
Whilst loving earth as well.

Help me, O Lord ! to spread Thy praise  
Where'er my footsteps go ;  
Teach me, with all humility,  
Thy gracious gifts to show.

My needy brethren may I seek,  
To ease their toil and care,  
Without one vain and foolish thought  
My better will to share.

O bless our good and gracious Queen,  
Protect her here below,  
Pour on her head the choicest gifts,  
Thy goodness can bestow.

And after a long reign of peace,  
Made glad by Heaven's love,  
May she attain Thy perfect bliss,  
In fairer realms above.

And now, for Jesus Christ's dear sake,  
Be all my sins forgiven,  
Blessed Saviour, plead thy sacrifice,  
And make me worthy Heaven.

## TO MY FATHER, ON THE RECOVERY OF A HEAVY LOSS.

~~~~~

T was not very long ago
I saw a noble tree,
Which in a beauteous garden grew,
And seem'd its deity.

Its stem was strong, its leaves were green,
It stood a comely sight;
Its foliage shelter'd summer birds,
And gave them rest at night.

And kindly would its leaves protect
From noontide's summer heat,
And in the time of cold and rain
Become a safe retreat.

But soon the storm clouds gather'd fast,
The wind rose fierce and high,
The Heavens look'd dark and desolate—
A tempest sure was nigh.

The rain came down a drenching shower,
And lightning fired the sky,
The thunder roar'd, and shrieking winds
Went madly raging by.

That tree had weather'd storms before,
Whilst youthful currents run,
And hoped to live through future years
Beneath a genial sun.

But Heaven yet call'd for better proofs,
Of strength in battle's might,
Right well it met the furious storm,
And nobly dared the fight.

Now all the little feather'd tribe,
That sought in it repose,
To quit their leafy nests were driven,
Before the evening's close.

Full many fear'd the threaten'd loss
That dreadful day might bring,
And pray'd to God the storm might pass,
Yet spare the garden's king.

My father ! this was like to thee,
When thou wert in adversity.

The clouds withdrew, the rain o'er past,
The winds forgot to sigh,
The golden sun was clear and bright,
The storm had travell'd by.

The perfumed breath of many flowers
Made sweet the summer day,
And swept across the brave old oak,
As if it fain would say,—

“Thou’st nobly fought the weary fight,
“Not for thyself, but those
“Who seek beneath thy fostering shade
“Their nurture and repose.”

And now the little helpless birds
Came flocking to their tree,
And warbled forth a happy song,
Their well-loved home to see.

Their kind old friend a welcome gave,
And spread his leafy arms,
To hold them in his strong embrace,
And free from care's alarms.

My father! this is like to thee,
Now thou art in prosperity.

TO MY MOTHER, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

~~~~~

OTHER ! your natal day has come,  
Your child her voice of love  
Would fain upraise to greet you well,  
And her affection prove ;  
May every blessing from on high  
Be thine in after years,  
And He whose realm is in the sky,  
Shield thee from bitter cares.

Now let me speak of all I owe,  
My thoughts *will* dwell to day  
On thy maternal tenderness,  
Which I can ne'er repay ;

What friend like thee so kind and true?  
 What love like thine so rare?  
 Oh! what a debt of gratitude  
 I owe my mother dear.

Thou watch'dst o'er my tiny form,  
 Ere conscious of thy love,  
 And when my heedless youth came on  
 Didst ever tender prove.  
 My every want thou didst forestall,  
 My ev'ry hope didst cheer,  
 Say, how shall I thy love return,  
 My mother, ever dear?

Oh, do not doubt this heart will strive  
 Such goodness to repay,  
 Mistrust it not, howe'er so weak  
 Its power may seem to-day;  
 But rather doubt the sun will shine  
 To glad our lowly sphere,  
 Than that this heart will e'er forget  
 Thy love, my mother dear.

## OUR WORLD.

IMES are wherein the heart is sad,  
When comfort nowhere may be had,  
And sorrows almost drive us mad,  
In this our world.

When friends we love are far away,  
And eyes that smiled when all was gay,  
Look cold and strange on us to day,  
In this our world.

When thoughts arise in semblance bright,  
As if to promise pure delight,  
But vanish ere we catch their light,  
In this our world.

Oft insincere is each kind word,  
The kiss, too, sometimes should be fear'd,  
For many cruel deeds are heard,  
In this our world.

When false as fair is friendship's smile,  
And trusted hearts o'erflow with guile,  
How sadly beats our own the while,  
In this our world.

Then seek not happiness nor love,  
Nor trust to kindness, which may prove  
A bitter snare while yet we move,  
In this our world.

There is a wreath within our view,  
Sweet are its flowers, and bright their hue,  
It blooms above those skies of blue,  
Beyond our world.

## ONE BOON I ASK OF THEE.

ORGET me! if thou must forget,  
And think not of my love,  
It has been long sincere and warm,  
And always such will prove.  
I've watch'd whene'er a cloud has pass'd  
Across thine aching brow,  
And striv'n to chase away its care,  
Or break the cruel blow.

But still, if heartlessness or pride  
Shall tempt thee to forget,  
'Tis well!—and only solitude  
Shall hear my lone regret.

But yet awhile my pride must stoop  
To ask one boon of thee,  
For thy dear form is cherish'd still,  
And fondly, too, by me.

Yes, dearest! shouldst thou ever know  
Disease and cruel pain,  
Permit me on thy wants to tend,  
'Till thou art well again;  
To know of fever on thy brow,  
And not be nigh to cheer,  
Would be a deeper agony  
Than this sad heart could bear.

For well I feel no other hand  
Could half so gentle be;  
No other step would be so light  
As mine, in tending thee;  
None else would think, and think again  
Of that might soothe or please,  
Or joy to see thy happy smile  
When thou art more at ease.

O! grant this boon ! 'tis all I ask—  
No summer friend to be,  
But one who through life's winter storm  
Will shield its blast from thee.  
Then, if rude waves surround thy bark,  
And winds increase the strife,  
Oh let me, dearest, sail with thee  
Across the sea of life.

## ON SCHOOL.

 H! how I love those *charming* schools,  
Where youth, restrain'd by wholesome rules,  
Demurely sits without a smile,  
But planning mischief all the while.

I own to living now in one,  
The thing we lack is mostly fun,  
Once hear the rules, and you'll agree  
To kindly sympathise with me.

Breakfast and prayers begin the day,  
The psalms come next without delay,  
We strive to read our portion clear,  
To stop the cry of "I don't hear."

Next for a walk we all prepare,  
Then two by two we step with care,  
And speak *genteely*—French, of course,  
If not from will, we must perforce.

The comedy is now begun,  
But, like a play that is well done,  
It costs the actors so much pain,  
’Twere cruel even to explain.

Each governess now takes her post,  
And summons forth her little host,  
The girls sit round with *looks* demure,  
But of their *hearts* I’m not so sure.

But now they all begin to read,  
Each striving hard to gain the lead,  
There’s quite a din amidst it all,  
But hark! outside the garden wall!

Some lively tunes! some well known airs,  
Not all unlike those sung at fairs,  
Creating thoughts of a quadrille,  
Which no grave influence can still.

Dinner now is on the table,  
Anything *but* comfortable,  
Yet hunger is imperative,  
And something we must eat to live.

The meal itself, not over nice,  
Is yet got rid of in a trice,  
Beef, veal, or pork, and mutton too,  
All centred in one monstrous stew.

On music days we sing and play  
*Proper* songs, but not *too* gay,  
"Love" is shunned with studious care,  
We warble of "the Sprites of air."

In drawing, too, some few engage,  
Paints and pencils are the rage.  
"Romantic scenery" most pursue,  
But "flowers" find a favour'd few.

A cup of tea by no means strong,  
With bread in slices thick as long,  
And prayers, though last by no means least,  
Conclude our intellectual feast.

One truth will scarcely be denied,  
By all who boarding schools have tried.  
'Tis this, that girls who dwell therein,  
Though sharp (perhaps) are very thin.

A VICTIM.

## THE PARTING.

~~~~~

ALL was quiet around,
And the dew on the ground
Seem'd a watery—silvery sheet,
A star or two shone,
And the pale rising moon
Cast a halo around the retreat.

A castle stood there
Of beauty so rare,
As majestic and noble it stood,
Yet troubled and grieved
And sadly bereaved
Was one in that princely abode.

Beneath that proud tower,
Which frowned in its power,
The sea murmur'd plaintive and low,
As a trim-looking boat,
On the waters afloat,
Lay mann'd, as a voyage to go.

A youth of fair mien
Advancing was seen
Where the boat yet reposed on the flood,
But sorrow and care
Seemed marked in his air
As viewing the castle he stood.

At parting he gave,
As he skimm'd o'er the wave,
To his love an endearing farewell;
Then view'd the domain,
Where she linger'd to reign,
And weeping, thus broke mem'ry's spell:

“ The morning was grey
“ When I came far away
“ From my home to the maid of my heart,

“ The moon’s silver light
“ Now governs the night
“ Wherein we are fated to part.

“ My heart like the morn
“ Is dull and forlorn,
“ My spirits wax fainting and low,
“ As the dews on the ground,
“ So my sorrows abound,
“ And tear-drops abundantly flow.

“ But the sun will burst forth
“ When the wild waters’ froth
“ Must dash ’twixt my chosen and me,
“ And the dew will be dried
“ Whilst the boisterous tide
“ Between us grows high on the sea.

“ But alas ! though the day
“ Glides idly away,
“ Though the sun dries the dew, and shines bright,
“ Though the mist of the morn
“ Has vanish’d and gone,
“ O’ercome by a heavenly light,

“ Yet still dull and grieved
“ Must my heart rest bereaved,
“ For behold ! my love’s sun is cast o’er,
“ ’Twas hid from my view
“ When I bade my adieu
“ To the land she may brighten no more.”

HAPPINESS.



 WHAT art thou, O! Happiness?—fleeting as fair!
Like a bird as it warbles and skims through
the air,

As warm and as bright as noontide's sweet hour,
Yet fading as quickly as dew from the flower.

Like a rainbow it dazzles—to vanish away,
Or glitter awhile with a fanciful ray,
Dissolving, its beauties are lost in the air,
And no vestige remains of a vision so fair.

It melts, like the pearly yet beautiful gem,
Which rests on the flower, and weighs down its stem;
It glitters one moment, then passes away,
Like a bright flashing meteor which rivals the day.



Then let us, while sunshine is glowing and bright,
Yet bask in its radiance with joy and delight,
To-morrow may bring us both sorrow and care:
So make we the most of those pleasures which are.



THE PARTING.

HEN dear friends part, say who can tell
How bitter is the word Farewell ;
How agonising 'tis to think,
That we may be upon the brink
Of the cold grave, ne'er more to meet
Those cherish'd ones, with whom 'tis sweet
To hold communion, and to find
Them ever true and ever kind.
The heart sinks as the time draws near,
And nothing has the power to cheer ;
Each hour is precious, and we dread
To lose a single word that's said.
We dwell on all affection says,
Live on it after for an age ;

Treasure each kindly look and speech,
For frequent letters do beseech.
If painful 'tis to part below,
Let us entreat God to bestow
His spirit, grace, and heavenly love,
That we may meet in realms above.

A DREAM.



 HAD a dream, alas! 'twas soon dispell'd;
During its progress varied feelings held
Their sway within me, and my bosom heaved;
I smiled one moment, and the next I grieved.
And now my heart would beat, and then with fear
Each throb was hush'd, and wonder stay'd the tear,
When Somnus o'er me his soft mantle threw,
And Morpheus also by allurements drew,
I dreamt that, passing through a desert bare,
With me in thousands fellow-pilgrims were.
The air was thick, corrupted, and impure,
My path was difficult and insecure;
False lights each moment led me from the right,
Deceitful proving to my feeble sight.

Thus more than once I fell into a snare,
The same sad fate did ev'ry pilgrim share.
Far off a mist I then could plainly see,
And looking, wonder'd much what it could be;
I fear'd and waver'd, and would fain not pass,
I dreaded, falter'd, tried to be the last,
But powerless, moved onward through the gloom,
Impell'd by fate, unconscious of my doom.
Inspiring sounds now broke upon my ear,
And angels led me to a happier sphere!
There all was brightness—nought but smiles were
found,
And gentle soothing gales breathed perfume round.
I wander'd and I roved where'er I would,
In that bless'd region of the pure and good.
My harp's rich tones sweet pleasure did impart,
And warm'd my happy, light, and gladsome heart.
No tears in that fair city ever flow'd,
It was the home and dwelling-place of God!
No sigh was heard, except the gentle breeze,
As it pass'd through and moved the waving trees;
Each sense was gratified to ecstasy,
And happiness sped time more quickly by,

Whilst music floated through the perfumed air,
Swell'd by the voices of the good and fair.
I stood enwrapt with exquisite delight,
In that wide realm amidst the pure and bright;
The sounds decreased, the swell became less grand,
And then all traces vanish'd of the land.

Nay! start not thus, thou little glittering tear,
'Twas but a glimmer of a happier sphere;
'Twas sweet to view it through sleep's darken'd glass,
But I have still the desert wild to pass.

THE RETURN.

HE door was shut, the fire blazed high,
The room seem'd warm and bright,
But one was yet abroad, to face
The coldness of the night.

A lonely wife expectant sat,
Long had appear'd the day,
With anxious ear she listen'd too,
For sound of him away.

She gazed upon his vacant seat,
It look'd so strange and drear,
The very room scarce look'd the same,
He was not there to cheer.

Hark! hark! a sound! She hopes to note
The tones of his loved voice,
Eager to catch the well-known words,
That make her heart rejoice.

But, 'tis not he—she turns away,
In disappointment sad;
Suspense is but a weary hope
To make the bosom glad.

Restless, uneasy, and afraid—
At length a footstep nears,
A manly voice is quickly heard,
Her husband's form appears.

That seat no longer tenantless—
That room so cheerful now.
Oh! what a happy wife is she!
How bright her youthful brow.

GOOD BYE.

ood bye! but never quite forget
Your old and faithful friend,
Who's loved you from the time we met,
And will unto the end.

Then let me shake thee by the hand,
Call thee by friendship's name,
Our youthful ties shall ever stand,
Our joys remain the same.

Doubtless love is more exciting
Than friendship's cooler flame;
If 'tis bright and most inviting,
'Tis oftener on the wane.

While friends go on from year to year,
Content to hold esteem
In hearts they'd fain preserve from care,
Of change they never dream.

Not like the transient things of earth,
Which melt into decay,
Which pass and are as nothing worth,
Nor anxious thoughts repay.

Like rainbow colours, how they shine,
How brilliant is their cast,
They too are splendid and divine,
But were not made to last.

The green and scented shrubs and flow'rs,
The richly laden trees,
The sparkling streams and leafy bow'rs,
The soft and balmy breeze,

Will quickly fade and pass away,
They do not tarry here;
Most evanescent is their ray,
In this our wintry sphere.

And so is love; 'tis very sweet,
But seldom does it stay,
Then steady friendship let us greet,
For lasting is its day.

ON A QUARREL CAUSED BY FALSE REPORTS.

~~~~~

 WHY, dearest, art thou still so prone  
To think thy friend untrue?  
Hast thou not known me now too long  
To doubt whate'er I do?

Unvarying is my love to thee,  
And this my actions tell;  
For all my thoughts and wishes too  
Prove my affection well.

And yet thy favour I distrust,  
When parted for awhile;  
I fear to think, when next we meet,  
If thou wilt frown or smile.

How often ev'ry word I've said,  
And ev'ry thing I've done,  
I ponder on, and try to find  
*Which* was the fatal one.

Then, as I trust that in your heart,  
You know me kind and true,  
Why do you give me bitter pain,  
And wrong me as you do?

Wealth and all else would cease to please,  
If thou wert far away ;  
Life would be charmless, dark, and drear,  
And like a tedious day.

Then never more distrust my love,  
So fervent and sincere ;  
List not again to envy's tongue,  
Malignant and severe.

## THE LAST ADIEU.

~~~~~

SROUND the bed of him we loved,
Who there in life's last moments lay,
We watch'd, alas! with tearful eyes,
His spirit passing fast away.

Labour'd was his respiration,
'Twas short and difficult to gain,
And his worn frame grew weaker still,
O'ercome by agony and pain.

In breathless silence yet we gazed,
We felt Almighty aid was near,
To give that feeble body strength,
The bitter pangs of death to bear.

The countenance on which we look'd,
Changed suddenly to pallid hue,
Deathlike and cold became the brow,
As faintly his last breath he drew.

Clinging to life, one struggle yet,
One effort to regain his breath,
Then all was still—and he we loved
Was silent in the arms of death.

'Twas God who, in his mercy, call'd
Him whom we loved so well away;
And as we watch'd, the spirit fled
Upward to an eternal day.

Oh! may our hopeful, earnest prayer
With God accepted be,
To meet in heav'n, and part no more
Through all eternity.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

~~~~~

**W**HERE I remain o'ercome with grief,  
My heart with sorrow lone,  
In nothing can I find relief,  
Since he I loved is gone.

Death would I welcome, and rejoice  
To quit this world of woe;  
In thankfulness I'd lift my voice,  
And supplicate to go.

Many, with faces worn by care,  
Many a troubled breast,  
Some gay and happy, young and fair,  
Have found their last long rest.

While I who feel that I could find  
My grave a resting-place,  
Seem fated to remain behind,  
The saddest of my race.

But silence, my rebellious heart,  
Let me not murmur still ;  
Teach me, O God ! the better part,  
To bend unto Thy will.

In mercy, then, O hear my prayer !  
And all my sins forgive ;  
Earth's pilgrims each must have a share  
Of trial while they live.

## THE WREATH.

~~~~~

HE world is one vast busy throng,
Its votaries, some right, some wrong,
All have their garlands as we see,
And bright and fresh they seem to be:
These flowers are that which hides their woe,
Whilst rankling thorns lie deep below.

Though gaudy blossoms form the wreath,
Sharp thorns are lurking underneath,
First comes a smile, and then a sigh,
And so 'twill be until we die :
We clutch in vain those painted flowers
To while away our short-lived hours.

And thus we pass through earth's estate,
Sometimes depress'd, sometimes elate,

Too certain we ne'er pluck a rose
On which no pointed prickle grows :
Alas, for all that life adorn s,
Earth's brightest flowers bear sharpest thorns.

L I F E.



OULD some pure being of a happier sphere
Look down from Heav'n on this our mortal life,
Regard its changing, sad, and short career,
Each wretched conflict and each silent strife ;
See where the little helpless infant lies,
Unconscious of the world in which 'tis born,
As pure and calm as Heav'n's eternal skies,
Without a crime to make its young heart mourn ;
How soon it grows to cheerful, happy youth,
Careless and free, now roving hill and dale,
Anon, impatient of time's soberer truth,
And yielding to each wild, romantic tale ;
Boyhood once pass'd, maturer age succeeds,
Life's blissful visions flown, youth's passions quell'd,
The tyrant time his further progress leads
Through sorrow's path, by Providence upheld,

All is thick mist beyond, we see no more,
We quit this world of misery and woe,
'Tis but one dying pang and all is o'er,
Forgotten soon alike by friend and foe.
Thus time rolls onward—man is born, and dies,
In all things changeful to the last sad hour,
With love he smiles, or with misfortune sighs,
The sport of folly, or the spurn'd of power.

TO A LADY.



HE morning, ere the sun broke forth,
Was damp, and cold, and grey,
The buds, and e'en the shrubs and flowers
Seemed dull without its ray.

'Tis true the fields were fresh and green,
Though on them crystal drops were seen.

At length the sun dispell'd those clouds,
Sweet perfume wing'd the breeze,
The little birds their voices raised,
High sounding in the trees ;
The active bee commenced its toil,
In search of fragrant flowery spoil.

The sky shone bright, in azure dress'd,
The waters sparkled too,
And quickly dried upon the grass
Each drop of pearly dew;
With beauty soon the earth was clad,
And summer's warmth made nature glad.

Dear friend, thy presence has on me
The like reviving power,
Believe I ever loved thee well,
And long shall bless the hour,
Wherein thy friendship, love, and truth,
Became the day-star of my youth.

If e'er thou shouldst incline to doubt
The truth of that I speak,
In actions, not in empty words,
My truth I bid thee seek,
Then all my love thou wilt perceive,
And my sincerity believe.

Thou'rt like the glittering gem-born light
That glows on Cynthia's car,

Which mortals gaze on with delight,
And worship from afar;
Yet hold in rev'rence whilst they gaze,
As all too high for vulgar praise.

ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

 DEAR native land, farewell to thee,
Adieu my childhood's home,
Far distant 'tis my destiny
In foreign climes to roam.

To leave the friends I long have loved,
And ponder o'er the past,
A stranger on a stranger's land,
A lone adventurer cast.

The mountain waves will roll between
Dear England's shores and me,
But while the sun gilds both alike,
A gloom will rest on me.

Kind words of love, scarce prized before,
Their sweet support will grant,
Like some rich mine of unwrought gold
Reserved for time of want.

Once more farewell—to linger here
Will but prolong the pain,
Oh ! fleeting time, flow quickly on,
Till I am home again.

THE LAMENT OF LOUISE.

~~~~~

 HE sun shone brightly once on me,  
The warbling birds sang merrily,  
And I was happy thus with thee,  
Who wert most dear.

I laughed ! and joyous was the tone  
I played—was never sad or lone,  
I thought on thee my cherish'd one,  
For thou wert near.

Now thou art gone, the sun's bright ray  
Has vanish'd from the heav'ns away,  
And birds are voiceless on the spray,  
For Gerald's gone.

My smile is not of pleasure now,  
 All cloudy my once radiant brow,  
 My anxious friends all question, "How  
     " Comes all this grief?"

*They* do not know, oh ! Gerald dear,  
*They* cannot feel thou art not here,  
 And for that reason *none* can cheer  
     Thy heart, Louise.

What ! would they have me now be gay  
 When all I love is far away ?  
 How little of my heart know they  
     Who think me cold.

Perish my soul, when I forget  
 The love which I must bear thee yet,  
 Although thy earthly sun is set,  
     My Gerald dear.

Long have I lived for thee alone—  
 Away—my only hope is gone,  
 In heaven we yet may be as one,  
     So farewell earth.

## YOUTH'S BRIGHT HOPES.

~~~~~

 WHEN the mind is sad with care,
And finds no sympathy on earth,
It often flits on fancy's wings,
And soars beyond dull reason's girth.

I loved—I wish'd—I hoped and sigh'd,
Enwrapp'd, as 'twere, by waking dreams,
My ecstasies were not of earth,
But lured me on with brightest beams.

Long held they o'er my throbbing heart
Imperious sway—nor fled at last,
Till with a countless progeny
They filled imagination's waste.

Methought that music wing'd each breeze,
And fairy land was mine,
Where sylphs ethereal glided by,
And all things seem'd divine.

Where perfumes linger'd in the air,
Whilst chirping songsters flew,
And all the flowers of ev'ry sphere
Were bathed in balmy dew.

Where rippling waters glided by,
And nature seem'd so blest,
That nought of mental fear or grief
Could break its happy rest.

The sylph-like forms, which, as they flew
In mimic beauty by,
Danced, play'd, and sung, with merry freak,
As if they could not sigh.

But soon stern distance intervened,
The phantom host grew dim,
The beauteous forms were seen no more
Th' elastic air to skim.



All vanish'd, as it were a dream,
To glad mine eyes no more;
It show'd youth's pleasures as they seem
Ere sorrow clouds them o'er.

Thus gaily, as in dreams of bliss,
Hope visits fairy land,
To snatch at joys, which melt like ice
Within a mortal hand.



LINES ENCLOSED IN A NEEDLE-CASE.



 **KNOW** thy virtuous occupation well;
Of charity these implements could tell;
But while thy needle does its generous part,
Don't prick the tapestry to wound a heart.

HAPPINESS.

HY study so the world's good will to prove,
And seek for happiness in earth's vain show,
The fleeting gaud will quickly pass away,
Like all things else we rest on here below.
When sickness visits, where can help be found?
Not from companions of the world's gay haunt;
They love us only for our wealth or power,
Nor spare, in time of woe, the bitter taunt.
Look, then, no more, for happiness on earth,
'Tis not for such immortal hope was given;
Contentment is a flower of mortal birth;
But happiness can only bloom in heav'n.

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